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OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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G. W. Gillett,

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the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable
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BOOK and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POINTERY.

[ORIGINAL]

Lines written at the Homestead.

I will open this window, and let in the air,
Altho' my dear father sits not in his chair;
I gladly would see the bright sunbeams illume
This long closely curtain'd and desolate room.

There, now the fresh breeze on my cheek softly plays,
And I hear the sweet language of long banish'd days;
I perceive in the vines and the blossoms, a voice
Which forbids me to weep, tho' I cannot rejoice.

My father, how oft when thy dwelling I've ne'r'd,
Hath thy broad, noble braw at this window appear'd;
'Twas the place whereat noon and at eve thou didst look
With a scholar's delight on thy paper or book.

I miss thee, dear father, the sun brightly shines,
And the voice of glad Summer is heard in the vines;
I see the tall trees in their gracefulness wave,
But my thoughts hover over thy green sodded grave.

Notwithstanding all nature is glowing in light,
Here is much to remind me of sorrow and blight;
How unlike is the still, empty house to the home
To which in past days with such joy I have come!

On the threshold no parent with greetings doth stand,
No friend or sister extendeth the hand:
The grass in the pathway luxuriant springs,
And the long fasten'd door half unwillingly swings.

Oh, my father, my father, thy children have come
Once more to their lov'd, but now desolate, home;
We delight so to call it, 'tis hallow'd by tears,
And trax'd on our hearts by the pencil of years.

Doth thy spirit, my father, not linger here still,
And, unseen, touch the chords which so painfully thrill?
Shall we meet not again till life's struggle is o'er,
And our fast sailing barques touch eternity's shore?

ORIOXIA.

SNOW'S FALLS.

It is no dread Niagara frowning down
O'er mighty cliffs, making the earth to shake,
Filling all nations of the world with awe;
Or deep Missourian river tumbling o'er
The mighty rocks; but one small humble stream,
Scarce noticed by the world; then rises here
Mid our own hills, and flows through our own vales.

Thou art our own!
Dear Androscoggin! And around thy name
Are clustering pleasant memories. May-day walks
Are lived again; we see again the group
Of smiling faces gathered on thy shores.
To celebrate the Spring's return, and find
The May-flower, and the innocence; meanwhile
Starting thy echoes with their merry laugh;
Voices thy stream will hear, perhaps, no more!
And thy green island is a cool retreat
In the hot summer's day. Away from sound
Of man, unless the woodman's axe is heard;
Falling thy forests, (thirst, not sentiment,
Inspires the deed,) to cast into the stream;
And feed the mills erected on thy shores.
Thy falls are the sole wonder of thy course,
And they are wondrous. Where the waters pass
Between two rugged hills, suddenly compressed
Within a chasm of the solid rock,
They fret, and rage, and roar against the sides,
Dashing impetuous o'er obstructing rocks,
Whitened with foam they reach the river's bed,
Covering its surface with a snowy sheet.
Some old traditions linger round thy name.
'Twas many years ago, while wigwams yet
Were in our woods; when herds of Moose came down
To drink from out their pond, from off the Mount
Where Molly Locket lived within her cave;
The hunter's gun was heard amid the hills,
Re-echoing as it were in triumph o'er
The stately Moose's death. The red men heard
And spoke unto each other. "Shall we leave
Our hunting-grounds to the weak pale-faces?"
Or shall we drive them from us?"—

One morn an Indian and a hunter met
Within the narrow pass; above them rose
The steep hill-side, and far beneath their feet
The river, swollen by the heavy rains,
High on the mossy rock was rolling on
In foaming madness to the gulf beneath.

Each stood and glared
A moment on the other; and each knew
That one must die! 'Twas but a moment, yet
Long years were in it, for his whole past life
Rushed on the white man's mind, he seemed to see
His wife and children watching his return
Till Hope grew sick, and then was Agony;
And earth looked fat around him; but he saw
The powerful red-man with revengeful scowl,
And 'neath him roared the waves.

'Twas a short, fearful struggle, then a shriek
Rose high above the waters; all was done!
The Indian fled;

And told his brethren—"White men came to spy
Our land. One of them has been taught the height
Of the steep cliffs; his pale-faced aqua will look
From out his wigwam, but shall watch in vain
For his return. A flake of snow has fallen
'Mid the white foam." And then the shout arose.

Long years have passed since then. The Moose is known
Not as the creature of a former time,

Altho' the little pond still bears their name.
And Molly Locket's Mountain scarce can show
A relic of her dwelling. White men plough
The fields where once the Indian shot the deer.
The narrow pass above the Falls is changed
Into a highway, and the travellers pass
To gaze, and, if the stream is low, (as 'tis
In the hot months of summer,) to pass down
Upon the rock, and see the chasm scooped
Within the solid Granite; speculate
Upon the time the waters and the rocks
Have whirled about within it, to wear out
Its present size, and how large it may be
A century hence.

And then advancing to the water's edge
Gaze down into the chasm. See the white waves
Dash against the impervious sides of their rough path,
Hear their loud roaring echoed by the rocks,
And feel the weakness of the creature, man,
The power and glory of Creator.—God.

S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Adventure in Rhenish Prussia.

BY M. DUMAS.

After being robbed by the inn-keeper at Liege, he gets into the Aix-la-Chapelle diligence; and, on reading the printed ticket that has been given to him at the coach-office, finds that he has the fourth seat, and that he is forbidden to change places with his neighbors, even by mutual consent.

"This military sort of strictness, still more than the abominable jargon of the postilion, made me aware that I was about to enter the dominions of King Frederick William. As I had a corner of the coach, the tyranny of his Prussian majesty was tolerably endurable, and I soon fell fast asleep. About three in the morning, just as day was breaking, I awoke, and found that the diligence was standing still. I at first thought there was an accident, and put my head out of the window to see what was the matter. No accident had happened; no other coach was near—the road was excellent. We were alone and motionless. I took my ticket out of my pocket, read it from one end to the other, and having satisfied myself that I was not forbidden to speak in the diligence, I asked my neighbor if we had been standing there long.

"About twenty minutes," was the answer.
"And pray," continued I, "can you tell me what we are doing here?"

"We are waiting."

"Ah! we are waiting. And for what?"

"For the time!"

"The time at which we are allowed to arrive."

"There is a time for arriving, then?"

"Everything is fixed in Prussia."

"And if we arrived before the time?"

"The conductor would be punished."

"And if after?"

"He would also be punished."

"Ah! that is very well arranged."

"Everything is well arranged in Prussia."

I bowed assentingly. Not for worlds would I have contradicted a gentleman possessed of such an exalted opinion of his country and its institutions and who answered my questions as courteously and ironically. My acquiescence appeared to gratify him. I felt encouraged, and continued my inquiries.

"Pardon me, sir, but at what hour ought the diligence to arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle?"

"At twenty-five minutes to five."

"But if the conductor's watch were slow?"

"His watch can never be slow."

"Indeed! And why so?"

"Opposite to where he sits, and under lock and key, there is a watch which is regulated before starting by the clock at the coach office."

The conductor knows at what hour he should pass through each town and village on his route, and he makes the positions hurry or slacken their pace accordingly, so as to arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle exactly the right time."

"But with those precautions, how is it that we are obliged to wait upon the road?"

"The conductor has doubtless followed your example, and slept, and the positions have taken advantage of that to go quicker."

"Well, since we have still some time to remain here, I will get out and stretch my legs a little."

"It is not allowed to get out of the diligence in Prussia."

"Indeed! That is very agreeable. I wished particularly to look at the castle on the other side of the road."

"That is Eimaburg. It is the scene of the famous legend of Eglinhard and Emma."

"Really! Be so obliging as to change places with me for a moment, that I may look at it through the window."

"I should be most happy, sir, but in Prussia it is not allowed to change places."

"True, true! How could I forget it? I beg your pardon, sir."

"These tanned Frenchmen, they do nothing but chatter and talk!" said a fat German sitting opposite to me, opening his mouth for the first time since we had left Liege, but still keeping his eyes shut.

"You were saying, sir?" said I, not particularly gratified by the remark.

"I say nothing—I sleep!"

"Sleep as much as you like, but try not to dream aloud, oh? Or if you dream, dream in your mother tongue!"

The German began to snore.

"Position, voirecar!" shouted the conductor.

We were all off at a gallop. I put my head out of the window to try to get a view of the ruins, but it was all in vain; they had disappeared.

behind an angle of the road. At twenty-five minutes to five, not a second later or earlier, we drove into the couch-yard at Aix-la-Chapelle!

THE BLACKSMITH AT THE BATTLE OF BRAUNWYNE.—And now I have given you some instances of courage and heroism during among those high in station and renowned in fame. One instance more—an example of reckless courage.—The hero was a stout blacksmith—aye an humble blacksmith, but his stout frame hardened by toil, thrashed with as generous an impulse of freedom as ever beat in the bosom of a Lafayette, or thrashed round the heart of a mad Anthony Wayne.

It was in the full tide of retreat, that a follower of the American camp, who had at least shouldered a cart-whip in his country's service, was driving a baggage wagon from the battle field while some short distance behind a body of Continentals were rushing forward, with a troop of Britishers in close pursuit.

The wagon had arrived at a narrow point of the bye road leading to the south, where two high banks of rock and craig arising on either side, afforded just space sufficient for the passage of his wagon, and not an inch more.

His eye was arrested by the sight of a stout, muscular man, some forty years of age, extended at the foot of a tree at the very opening of this pass. He was clad in the coarse attire of a mechanic. His coat had been flung aside, and with the shirt sleeves rolled up from his muscular arm, he lay extended on the turf, with his rifle in his grasp, while the blood streamed in a torrent from his right leg, broken at the knee by a cannon ball.

The wagoner's sympathies were arrested by the sight—he would have paused at the very instant of his flight, and placed the wounded blacksmith with the Britishers until they came trampling over this valley and burned my house down. And now I'm all riddled to pieces, and ba'n't got more than fifteen minutes life in me! But I have got three good rifle balls in my cartridge box, and so just pop the tip against that cherry tree, and I'll give 'em the whole three shots, and then I'll die!"

The wagoner started his horses ahead and then with a sudden effort of strength, dragged the blacksmith along to the foot of the cherry tree surmounting the rock by the roadside.

In a moment his back was propped against the tree, his face was to the advancing troopers, and while his shattered leg hung over the bank, the wagoner rushed on his way, while the blacksmith very coolly proceeded to load his rifle.

It was not long before a body of American soldiers rushed by with the British in pursuit. The blacksmith greeted them with a shout, and then raising his rifle to his shoulder, he picked the foremost from his steed, with an exclamation, "that's for Gen. Washington." In a moment the rifle was loaded, again it was fired, and the pursuing British rode over the body of another fallen officer. "That's for myself!" cried the blacksmith. And then with hand strong with the feelings of coming death, the sturdy freeman again loaded, again raised his rifle. His last shot and as another soldier kissed the sod, the tear quivered in the eye of the dying blacksmith. "And that," he cried with a husky voice which strengthened into a shout, "And that's for mad Anthony Wayne!"

Long after the battle was past, the body was discovered, propped against the tree, with the features frozen in death, smiling grimly, whilst the right hand grasped the never failing rifle.

And thus died one of the ten thousand brave mechanics heroes of the revolution, brave in the hour of battle; undaunted in the hour of death; undismayed in the hour of death!

MAN. We find this following rich morsel in one of Dow's sermons:

"Man looks upon life just as he does upon the women—there's no living with them, and he can't live without them. He will run after them and rather than be held will lose coat and tail and his character—kisses them for love, and kicks them for leading them into trouble. So with life I say; he partakes of its pleasures, and then d—s it for its pains; gathers bouquets of bliss, and when blossoms have faded, he finds himself in possession of a bunch of briars; which is all owing to a little incident that occurred in Paradise, when man was as green as a tobacco worm, and as unsuspecting as a tree toad in a thunder storm."

He was told to increase and multiply, and so he accordingly increased his cares and curses, multiplied his miseries, and peopled the world with a parcel of candidates for perdition! and I am one of them.

TEMPTATION.—To resist temptation once, is not sufficient proof of honesty. If a servant, indeed, were to resist the continued temptation of silver lying in a window, as some people let it lie, when he is sure his master does not know how much there is of it, he would give a strong proof of honesty. But this is a proof to which you have no right to put a man. You know, humanly speaking, there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now, in so far as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury; and, if he is overcome, you share his guilt.—Johnson.

BENEFITS AND INJURIES.—There needs no greater subtlety to prove that both benefits and injuries receive their value from the intention, when even brutes themselves are able to decide this question. "Tread upon a dog by chance, or put him in pain upon the dressing of a wound; the one he passes by as an accident, and the other, in his fashion, he acknowledges as a kindness; but offer to strike at him, and though you do him no hurt at all, he flies yet in the face of you, even for the mischief that you barely meant him.—Seneca.

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MAN. My son, said a pious old lady to her son, after she had read to him a chapter from scripture relating to Jonah, "how must Jonny ha' felt when the whale swallowed him?"

"Sort o' down in the mouth, I 'spose" replied the little rascal.

MAN A SENTIENT BEING. Thought, which exercises the highest activity of the soul, has been regarded as a purely intellectual act, and intellect has been defined to be the thinking faculty, as distinct from activity or sensibility. Thought is looked upon as something dry and cold; and a "man of thought" would designate a man without soul, without heart, destitute of love or sentiment, living only in abstractions. But there are no abstractions in actual life. A purely intellectual being may, as it has been said, be conceived of, but such a being man is not. Such a being might indeed think, that is, know, but thinking and knowing in such a being could not and would not be what they are in us. Man is the essence sentiment. He cannot divest himself of his sensibility, for he cannot divest himself of himself. Always and everywhere, then must he feel. When he acts, acts where or to what he will. He can perform no dry, cold intellectual act. Even the metaphysician, pouring over his abstractions, withered and dry as he seems, is still a man, and has a heart; and after days, weeks, months, and years of painful watching and laborious study, truth at last dawns on his soul, and he grasps his solution of the problem which had tortured his heart, he too is moved, and in a sort of parturition exclaims, "I have found it, I have found it!"

LOVE LETTER EXTRAORDINARY.—The following very touching epistle was found in Woodside, carefully folded in a piece of dirty colored blue paper, like that used by grocers. An epistle so eloquently sweet can only have emanated from the pen of one of the fraternity. "My—Dearest,—I was very much struck with your unearthy beauty the other Sunday in the place of worship. Tell me are you a Angel from the Bliss come here for to lay waste hearts like mine, so susceptible to love. Those bleed eyes of yours, which expresses love so strong, and also those sweet cheeks and lips were made for kissing. You know your charms would melt a Samson, and oh if you resist my importunities,

Value of Whig Promises!

Dr. Duncan, of Ohio, in one of his intimitable speeches on the floor of Congress, thus happily refers to some of the promises made by the whigs of 1840 and their subsequent failure to fulfil them.

No. 1

The "Two Dollars a day" and Roast Beef "Promise."

The day-laborers were told that if they would join the federalists in the overthrow of the democratic party, they should receive two dollars a day and good roast beef. I hold a banner in my hand: here it is; and here is the promise. Here is the inscription. It reads:

Six and a quarter Cents a day and Sheeps Pluck to the Laborers under Van Buren.

Two Dollars a day and Good Roast Beef under Gen. Harrison.

This was your promise, and this your flag, displayed in all your cavalcades, and in all your hard cider orgies and bacchanalian feasts far and wide. How has that promise been fulfilled? Thousands of honest laborers will answer next fall through the ballot-box—that they can get but twenty-five cents a day and no beef at all. So I place that promise to the credit of No. 8.

The federalists in the last Congress made but one attempt at retrenchment; and that attempt was but insolent hypocrisy, and made to deceive. The democrats, in a former Congress, reduced the price of public printing fifteen per cent.—When the federalists came into power prior to electing the government printers, they passed a resolution reducing the price of printing twenty per cent., or five per cent., more; and then elected Gales & Seaton printers. That was the show of retrenchment, and under that contract and resolution was the public printing done; but in order to compensate for the reduction of the price, more printing was given to Gales & Seaton, by near one-half, than ever was given to the public printers before by any Congress in the same length of time. But that was not all: at the close of the last session, and to one of the last appropriation bills, was made an amendment appropriating forty thousand dollars to Gales & Seaton, in addition to the price stipulated in the contract. Thus was the public treasury robbed to feed and fatten a pampered favorite partizan. So much for the only attempt to fulfil the promises of retrenchment.

When you hold up the promises made in 1840 to the federalists, and ask them, Why have you not made the retrenchments and reforms you promised in the government expenditures? Where is that brilliant prosperity you promised to every institution, to every interest, and to every person of the country? But above all, where is that two dollars a day and good roast beef you promised to the day laborer? The answer is, Oh! General Harrison died, and John Tyler turned traitor. Every sniffling whig whistled; and bank spaniel, as well as every pompous, puffed up, haughty, federal, aristocratic rag-baron has that answer at his tongue's end.

No. 2.

The Promise that "Proscription" should be "proscribed."

It was falsely charged upon the democrats, that they had been proscriptive in the administration of the government, which a coon administration would remedy. The following banner was carried in the whig processions:

Prescription
to be
Proscribed,

No man was to be turned out of office for opinion's sake. The only question was to be "is he honest, is he capable?" All this, it was well known, was contemptible cant and miserable hypocrisy. For one month before the presidential inauguration, this city was crowded with office-seekers, loafers, and loungers, lean, long and lank, to the number (it was said) of more than thirty thousand. I know that every public and private house (and some houses that I shall not name) were full from the garret to the cellar; and filled as the houses were, it was impossible to walk ten steps at a time in the avenue, without being jostled by some staggering, hungry federal loafer. They seemed to have flocked from every part and every longitude and every latitude, and every zone, torrid and temperate, of this wide-spread union, numerous as the locusts, the lice, and the frogs of Egypt, and more devouring and destructive. Old federalists, who had been driven into caves with the Adamses, where they had slept for forty years, waked up, came forth in their moth-riddled, antiquated garbs, staggering on their worn unten staves, dragging their withered, emaciated carcasses, and shaking their grey locks, such a gathering never before was seen; such a gathering never will again be seen, until the sea shall give up her dead at the summons of the last trump. Well, the inauguration came, and with it as a first step, the dismissal of every chief democratic officer at the head of every department of the government; then commenced the guillotine. The axe was not permitted to dry, nor the executioner to sleep; each head in each department died with each other in the work of execution. But Granger and Ewing went ahead, and even surpassed Robespierre, their worthy master and patron. The trial was more summary than that of the triumvirate. The inquiry to each victim was not "Is he capable, is he honest?" It was, "Are you a democrat? Do you belong to the democratic association, and are you a subscriber to the Extra Globe?" The answers being in the affirmative, off went his head. Going forward another; so it went. Such was the inquisition—such the guillotining—such the Robespierres, and such the fate of the victims.

No. 3.

Anti-Bank Promise.

But in order more effectually to gull the unsuspecting, this banner was hoisted, displayed, and paraded in the hard cider cavalcades—and many a mile did Mr. Ewing mark time under it to the tune of *Rosin the Bow*.

No United States Bank.

Notwithstanding all these declarations and demonstrations, Mr. Ewing, who was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by General Harrison, resigned his situation because John Tyler vetoed the bill to incorporate a United States Bank.—What base falsehood, what hypocrisy, and what treachery! Their reward must be perpetual public infamy and universal contempt as long as virtue and truth shall have a place above falsehood and crime. I have said that the denial of federal principles and measures was general; so it was; but in certain States and certain sections of the country certain federal measures were advocated, while they were hypocritically repudiated in others. I will make an assertion, and I hope if it be not true, that some member from Kentucky will contradict it. My assertion is this: General Harrison ran in Kentucky on the bank question, and it was expressly understood by all, far and wide in that State, that if the federalists should succeed, a national bank was to have been established. Any Kentucky whig to deny this assertion? [A pause.] None. Gen. Harrison was run in Virginia because it was said that he was opposed to a national bank; and such was the public determination. Any member from Virginia who dare deny this assertion? [A pause.] None. General Harrison was sustained in the Northeastern States by many of the abolitionists, because he would favor the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the slave trade between the States. But he was sustained in the slave States because he would oppose abolitionism in all its modern shapes and forms. Any man here from either the free or slave States to contradict this assertion? [A pause.] None. Such were the base means used to deceive the people and overthrow the democracy. Surely such base means will recoil upon the heads of those by whose guilt they were devised and practiced, if truth, virtue and justice have lost their rewards.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, AUGUST 18, 1844.

"The great popular party is already rallied almost en masse around the banner which is leading the party to its final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be rallied under its ample folds. The banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; LOW DUTIES; NO TAXES; SEPARATION FROM BANKS; ECONOMY; REPROTECTION; VICTORY IN ABOLITION; ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory in all these great and glorious causes; and if its principles be faithfully and firmly adhered to, after it is achieved, much will it redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country." Calhoun.

Democratic Principles. Federal Whig Principles. A JUDICIOUS AND EQUAL TARIFF WITH INCENTRAL PROTECTION.

A NATIONAL BANK WITH A CAPITAL OF FIFTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

PROOF.—Refer to the Resolutions introduced by Henry Clay in 1839.

A HIGH PROTECTIVE TARIFF.—similar to the one now in operation, which sufficiently protects our manufacturers.

ADDITIONAL TARIFF.—I have heretofore sanctioned such moderate discriminating duties as would

protect the agriculturist while it builds up the manufacturer; granting

privileges to one class which denies to another.

ABOLITION AND DESTROYING OF THE SLAVE POWER.

PROTECTION MERELY, AND NOT FOR THE SLAVE POWER.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PROCEEDS OF THE PUBLIC LANDS, IN ORDER TO PAY OFF AN ASSUMPTION OF THE STATE DEBTS.

AN HONEST AND ECONOMICAL ADMINISTRATION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

AN EXTRAVAGANT ADMINISTRATION OF GOVERNMENT, WHICH IS THE NATURAL CONSEQUENCE OF AN EXORBITANT TARIFF.

"A NATIONAL DEBT IS A NATIONAL BLESSING."

OPPOSITION TO THE ANNUALIZATION OF TEXAS UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

Opposition to the OCCUPATION AND POSSESSION OF OREGON.

These are some of the leading measures of the Whig party.

The Convention nominated F. H. Morse, as candidate for Representative to Congress, and Peter C. Virgin for Elector. The assembled multitude was addressed by Messrs. Morse, Evans, Little and McKenney.

WHIG MASS CONVENTION AT LEWISTON.

Look on this Picture,

At the Whig Mass Convention, in Lewiston, there were from 200 to 1000 present, according to different estimates. Some more than 200 might have been present, if it had not rained. So says the Kennebec Journal. The Convention nominated F. H. Morse, as candidate for Representative to Congress, and Peter C. Virgin for Elector. The assembled multitude was addressed by Messrs. Morse, Evans, Little and McKenney.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT.

JAMES K. POLK, of Tennessee.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

GEORGE M. DALLAS, of Penn.

FOR ELECTORS AT LARGE.

JAMES W. BRADBURY, of Augusta.

JOHN STICKNEY, of Colais.

State Election, September 9, 1844.

FOR GOVERNOR.

HUGH J. ANDERSON, of Belfast.

FOR SENATORS—OXFORD.

WILLIAM FRYE, of Bethel.

SILAS BARNARD, of Dixfield.

STEPHEN H. CHASE, of Fryeburg.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS—OXFORD.

JAMES BURBANK, of Gilford.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER—OXFORD.

LEVI STOWELL, of Paris.

FOR DEPUTY TREASURER—OXFORD.

EPHRAIM ROWE, of Lyford.

DAVID LYFORD, of Lyford.

EDWARD L. LYFORD, of Lyford.

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of Texas."

LEWISTON, TUESDAY EVE., AUGUST 6, 1844.

FRIEND MILLETT:—The democrats have had a glorious gathering at this place to-day. The best judges say, at least 1500 or 2000 people were present this afternoon. The people, (a large portion of whom were farmers) came up from all directions, from Lincoln, Cumberland, Kennebec and Old Oxford. This "earthy" game in, in droves, some towns turning out their hundreds and fifty of these celebrated "coon skins" and indeed no section of Eastern Oxford was left unrepresented. The very best feeling prevailed the meeting. The Brunswick & Topsham delegation came in preceded by a band of music, which by their enlivening strains, added much to the interest of the occasion.

A platform, erected last week by the whigs, for their District Convention meeting, and which was not used

by them, in consequence of the rain, which frightened the "coons" into the Baptist Meeting House, was occupied by the several speakers, and around which was gathered the vast multitude to hear. The meeting was called to order by Col. Frye, of Lewiston, who nominated N. S. Littlefield as President of the day. Mr. Drummond made a most servant and eloquent appeal to the Throne of Grace.

The meeting was successively addressed by J. W. Bradbury Esq., of Augusta—Col. Andrews of Dixfield, Col. French of Nobleborough and Speaker Dunn of Poland. Mr. Bradbury made a capital speech on the Tariff and Texas questions. For logical reasoning—clear and lucid illustrations, and convincing argument, Mr. B. has few equals, and notwithstanding bodily indisposition under which he labored he made one of his best efforts.

At two o'clock a procession was formed on the west side of the river, under the direction of Adjutant General Reddington, as Chief Marshall aided by ten assistant Marshalls—Genls. Perry, Clark, Bolster, and Col. Andrews acted in the last mentioned capacity from Oxford. The procession, preceded by the Band, marched in sections of four to the place occupied by the speakers.

After being seated, Ex-Gov. Fairfield arose to address the multitude and was received with three deafening cheers. He spoke about an hour and a half in his usual happy style. His speech was acknowledged on all hands to have been a masterly effort. As a public speaker, Fairfield has few equals and no superiors in this State.

Mr. Clifford, of Newfield, followed Gov. F. in a speech abounding in facts, statistics and figures on the Tariff question; in which the coon doctrine of protection, for the sake of protection, was "knocked unto a cocked up hat."

Col. Lane of York Co. and Mr. Streeter, of Turner, addressed the assembly, after which, the multitude gave three cheers for Polk and Dallas, and three more for Gov. Anderson and then retired.

The doctrines and policy of the democratic party were clearly laid down by the several speakers—enthusiasm seemed to prevail on all sides, and I believe the democrats who have attended this meeting, have all gone home destined to act well their part till Polk, Dallas and Anderson are all elevated to the high and important stations, to which they will certainly be called by the American freemen.

O. P. Q.

OTISFIELD, THURSDAY AUGUST 8, 1844.

FRIEND MILLETT:—I have just come of an amalgamation meeting composed of coons, Abolitionists, and a few democrats who came in as spectators, which has commenced in Mr. Richardson's meetinghouse, in this town, to continue to-day and to-morrow.

Well, the call was made announcing a public discussion was to take place between the Whigs and Abolitionists, accordingly the "great guns" of both parties made their appearance. Gen. Fessenden, Gen. Appleton and Col. Miller of Vermont led on the abolition forces—while Gov. Kent with his "civil posse" composed of George Evans, F. H. Morse, Wm. P. Fessenden and Josiah S. Littlefield, appeared as the vanguard of the Coons.

Gen. Fessenden opened the discussion in a speech over two hours long in which he cut with a two-edged sword, first into the whigs then into the coons—Gen. F. being an old federalist himself, and having had much experience in whig devilry, came out in strong terms with his exposures of the dangerous tendency of whig principles and handled his old allies without gloves. He told Gen. Evans, that he and John Davies were "tipped out of the tail end of the cart" at the Whig National Convention, as candidates for the Vice Presidency, because they belonged at the North and Freeing geyser selected only because he lived in the Slave State of New Jersey.

He referred to the "gum game" the abolitionist played upon themselves by voting in '40 for old Tip and Capt. Tyler—and warned his Whig Abolition brethren not again practice an inconsistency, by voting for Clay.

Gen. F. was followed by Mr. Evans, who took the occasion to make a real out and out coon speech scarcely referring to the abolitionists, and uttering a long tirade of abuse and misrepresentation, directed solely to the democrats. The old Tariff hobby of protection, was harped upon—Gen. Jackson's abuse of the Indians raked up from the sleeping ashes of the dead—Van Buren's Florida war was fought over, &c. & &c. In his conclusion he told the abolitionists the only way to abolish slavery was to vote for Henry Clay—an idea so supremely ridiculous that even Evans himself could hardly refrain from laughing while declaring it.

The democrats, tho' earnestly solicited to join them in giving battle to the abolitionists, chose (and wisely in my opinion) to be merely "lookers on in Venice." With them is a kind of "skunk and hedgehog" fight, caring little which "ticks." Altho' they might wish to reply to some of the foul and flagrant misrepresentations of the speakers of both sides of the high contending parties; still prudence would dictate to them, to avoid any kind of coalition with the Federal party.

Altho' Mr. Evans appeared exceedingly sensitive on the question of private character (perhaps in part from selfish motives) still Clay's corrupt life, habits, and principles will be fully exposed, and in the end operate a signal defeat. *Polk and Dallas, onward, onward, are the watchwords of the Otisfield democracy.*

Yours truly, O. P. Q.

NOT SO FAST.—The Whig Papers, Kennebec Journal and Lincoln Telegraph say that Morse is sure of a re-election. We say "he can't come it." Morse is a fine fellow, but his political principles have been proved and heard among us and they smell so strong of whiggery we intend to give him leave of absence from Congress securing to him the right to stay at home. This is no easier said than done; so prepare for defeat.

The Democrats on hand!—We shall soon have a Mass Meeting in this County. Our friends are waking up. Every Democrat is on the look out. Stand back, Whigerry, and make room for the Democracy of "Old Oxford." The Bears and Lyons are beginning to growl. Coons must lay low and keep dark.

Whig Testimony as to the Whig Candidate. The following summary is from the Nautilus Free Trader:

Who charged Henry Clay with making a corrupt bargain with John Quincy Adams?

Answer. John Bell, (Harrison's Secretary of War,) Ephraim A. Foster, (Whig Senator in Congress,) and George E. Badger, of North Carolina, (Harrison's Secretary of the Navy.)

Who endorsed the charge? The Legislature of Tennessee; John P. Kennedy, Reverdy Johnson, Senator Merrick, and many of the most distinguished Whigs of Maryland and the Union.

When the whig papers renounce this charge as false, they nail the falsehood down upon their leaders.

Who charged Mr. Clay with setting up a dictatorship in the capitol, a caucus power to control legislation and embarrass the executive?

Who charged Mr. Clay with attempting to overthrow the constitution to promote his own views? Thomas F. Marshall, the whig Representative in Congress of Mr. Clay's own district.

Who said that Mr. Clay had too many heresies to deserve his support? Daniel Webster.

Who said that Henry Clay had treated him with gross ingratitude in return for generous services? Gen. Wm. H. Harrison.

Who says that Henry Clay is tampering with the abolitionists, and wrote his Texas letter to secure their support? Gen. Felix Houston, here to fore the strongest and most influential friend Mr. Clay had in Mississippi.

Who charged Mr. Clay with urging on the duels which resulted in the death of Gilley? Henry A. Wise, a good Whig, whose course towards Col. Polk, the Whigs are now applauding.—American.

HAPPY ENGLAND.—Professor Wright in his letter from England in the Boston Chronicle, says: the farms held by the aristocracy and gentlemen rent to farmers at from \$9 to \$24 an acre! So great is the competition in bidding, there being about 50 applications to every farm advertised to rent.

A week's wages of stout laboring man, will only buy one bushel of wheat. They feed

their children, who are quite plenty, on bread and pea soup—meat seldom. This is the country that has such a holy horror of American slavery!—American.

Inconsistency of Henry Clay.—He has been for and against the United States Bank.

He has been for and against a high Protective Tariff.

He has been for and against the Masonic fraternity.

He has been for and against a Military Captain for President.

The BRITISH TORIES have imprisoned O'Connell, but only for twelve months, and not a laborer among felons.

The AMERICAN WHIGS have imprisoned Gov. Dorr, at hard labor, among thieves and burglars, AND FOR LIFE.

It was said long ago, that one renegade is worse than ten Turks. Here we have an illustration of it.

The bastard whigs of this country, surpass the british tories in malignity, as much as the cowboys of the Revolution did the British regulars.—Maine Age.

PASS IT ROUND.—That the Whigs are opposed to the "One Day Election Law," because it would do away with the iniquitous system of PIPE-LAYING, which they hope again to succeed as they did in 1840. Pass it round also, that a Democratic House of Representatives passed the bill, but a Whig Senate rejected it.—New Bedford Register.

Learned Doctors sometimes disagree. George Evans contends that the tariff reduces the consumer.

John Quincy Adams says that "The Doctor's duties of impost cheapen the price of articles upon which they are levied, seems to conflict with the dictates of common sense."

Who is right? John Q. Adams or, George Evans?

FARMERS READ THIS!

Henry Clay, in a letter of Messrs. Brainerd and Bledsoe, of Georgia, under date of July 8th, 1843 said,

AGRICULTURE NEEDS NO PROTECTION.

We can easily imagine the dismay and disappointment of the leading federalists in this County at the renunciation of Dr. Mann. It will require the greatest efforts of the whigs to keep their party together. Let the democrats take hold now, and nothing can save the federal party.—Vindicator.

AN EXPLOSION COMING!—We understand that the articles which appeared in the Madison, reflecting severely upon the character of Henry Clay, and were published while Mr. Webster was Secretary of State, anonymous, are to appear again, shortly, with the author's name attached viz;—"DANIEL WEBSTER."—B Post.

In 1843 the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, the especial organ of Mr. Clay, used the following language in respect to the present tariff: "Our Tariff is too high for the best interests of the country—HIGHER FAR HIGHER THAN MR. CLAY RECOMMENDED OR APPROVES; and beyond all question public opinion will compel its modification!"

Mr. Polk is said to be a duellist who has killed his man.—[Bangor Whig.] The Whig has not yet corrected his falsehood.

HOW A HIGH OR LOW TARIFE AFFECT PRICES.

John Quincy Adams, in his report to manufacturers, in 1832, had placed that matter in its true light:

The doctrine that duties of impost cheapen the price of the articles upon which they are levied, seems to conflict with the first dictates of common sense. But its supporters first appeal with confidence to the fact that most of the articles upon which additional duties were levied, by the tariff of 1828, have, since that time, considerably fallen in price; and then argue that it must be so by the excitement of competition in the market.

It is certainly contrary to the natural course of things, that an addition to the cost should be a reduction in the price of the article. The price of any article in the market must always depend upon the relative condition of demand and supply, at this time or place, of sale. But every slight variation of time or place, affect often, to a very great extent, the relative proportion of the demand and supply; and consequently, the price of the article. No safe conclusion can be drawn from the fact, that subsequent to the tariff of 1828, were then increased have fallen, unless from other circumstances it can be shown that the increase of the duty was the cause of the fall in price, nor will it be sufficient to prove a strange paradox, to account for it by the excitement of competition.

Wherever there is a profitable market, there will be competition. Had the tariff of 1828 never been enacted, the competition in our markets would have been as great, and would have been as effectual to reduce the prices, as it has been with the aggravation of duties.

But the duty upon the article imported from abroad enables the domestic producer to enter into competition with the importer from abroad. So long as this competition continues, the duty operates as a bounty or premium to the domestic manufacturer. But by whom is it paid? Certainly by the purchaser of the article, whether of foreign or domestic manufacture. The duty constitutes a part of the price of the whole mass of the articles in the market. It is substantially paid upon the article of domestic manufacture, as well as upon foreign production. Upon one it is a bounty, upon the other a burden: and the repeal of the tax must operate as an equivalent reduction of the article, whether foreign or domestic.

PENNSYLVANIA.—As the day of election approaches, the Democracy of Pennsylvania are awakening to the importance of a thorough organization of its forces, and of being otherwise prepared to assert the ascendancy which they have hitherto maintained. The Harrisburg Union says:

"The spirit of the people is fully manifested by the number, magnitude, and enthusiasm of the Democratic meetings which are almost daily taking place in almost every section of the State. The Democratic nominees are wholly unexpected, and will rally a vote in the good old "Keystone" State, unequalled in any previous contest."

TEXAS contains 318,000 square miles which is full as large as the States of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana combined. These States have now a population of about 4,000,000—which number Texas will reach in less than ten years.

OHIO.—The Louisville Democrat says:

"The canvass spread across the street on Saturday evening to help glorify the Whig procession, had written on it, 'Protection,' but it had to be taken down to let the ship pass. Protection, as usual, stood in the way of commerce and had to come down.

In Otis, Me., on the 12th inst Mr. Aaron Saulsbury, was instantly killed by lightning, leaving a large family in needy circumstances.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT ON RAIL ROAD.—At a Court of Probate held at Waterford within and for the county of Oxford, on the fifth day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-four.

AMELIA MORSE, Administratrix of the estate of William Morris, late of Waterford deceased, having presented her Petition praying for Letters of sale of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary, value about three hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum of the debt of said deceased, and incidental charges; and also first account of administration of said deceased, for allowance.

It was Ordered, That the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed, and the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

14 Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Waterford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fifth day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-four.

EDWIN A. NORTON, named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be his last Will and Testament and Codicil of William D. Norton, late of Oxford, in said county, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

It was Ordered, That the said Edwin A. Norton give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed, and the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

14 Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Waterford, within and for the county of Oxford, on the fifth day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-four.

ROBERT A. & ELIJAH CHAPMAN, named Executrix in a certain instrument purporting to be his last Will and Testament of Elijah Chapman, late of Berlin, in said county, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

It was Ordered, That the said Robert A. & Elijah Chapman give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the fourth Tuesday of August, current, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

14 Copy—Attest; GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

NOTICE.

THE Oxford County Washingtonian Society will hold its annual meeting on the first Wednesday in September next, at Buckfield Village, commencing at 9 A. M. An address is expected on the occasion by a Temperance Lecturer from abroad; and it is earnestly desired there may be a general rally of the friends of Temperance throughout the county, that the meeting may be able sustained, and a new impulse given to the cause.

For order of Committee of Arrangements.

Summer August 9, 1844.

POETRY

[IMPROVEMENT]
TO A LADY ON THE RECEIPT OF A FORGET-ME-NOT.

Forget thee? Yes, when Earth forgets
Her old, diurnal round,
When stars forget to gem the sky,
And flowers to deck the ground.

My memory often fails in dates,
Is treacherous in love,
And cannot always trace the path
My feet before have trod.

But of life's transitory things,
To one it is most true;
I never forget a lovely face—
Of course, I cannot you.

To be remembered well and long
Is beauty's favored lot;
'Twas but in sport you gave to me
This frail Forget-me-not.

I cannot boast one spell to break
Oblivion's stern decree;
In kindness, then, sometimes vouchsafe
A gentle thought to me.

From Heath's Book of Beauty for 1844.

A RAILROAD ADVENTURE.
BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

If poverty, as it is said, makes us acquainted with strange companions, railroads assuredly introduce us to as strange associates; and perhaps this very circumstance is not one of its least recommendations, for by it we become acquainted with a class of persons whom we might otherwise never have encountered, and acquire a knowledge of human nature which, if not always agreeable, is certainly not without its advantages. How far the adventure I am about to relate may exemplify this hypothesis I leave my readers to judge, but to me it was not void of interest.

Having occasion to go to Norwich to visit an invalid friend, I proceeded to the station whence the railroad trains depart, and, finding I was ten minutes too soon, I entered the waiting room, and, for want of other occupation, glanced around on the motley groups, who, like myself, were waiting for the sound of the bell to hurry to the carriages.

Among the persons present, I was struck by a very pretty young woman, neatly, if not elegantly dressed, near to whom sat a man whose eyes were riveted on her face, and who whispered to her words which, whatever might have been their import, brought bright blushes on her cheek. So intently, and so wholly occupied was this man by his fair companion, that he appeared totally unconscious of the presence of the persons who surrounded them, while the woman evinced a degree of unaffected timidity, which indicated that she had not been much accustomed to scenes like that in which she was now placed. The female part of those waiting for the train, eyed the person in question with a curiosity that argued more of ill than good nature. Her smart bonnet, rich veil, neat robe, and fashionable cardinal, were alternately examined; but neither these, nor her pretty face seemed to find favor in their sight, and all the marks of exclusive attention paid her by her male companion—and they were many—only served to increase the expression of ill nature so visible in their countenances. The men, too, at least the younger portion, stared more than gond breeding could justify, at the pretty woman, and glanced somewhat spiteful at her protector.

What is it that renders the generality of women so dissatisfied at observing one of their own sex occupying the exclusive attention of a pretty woman who is a total stranger to them? Alas! for poor human nature, the question may be easily solved. At length the ringing of the bell summoned the passengers to leave the waiting room, and I noticed the glance of alarm with which the pretty stranger shrank from the pressure of this hustling crowd who rushed by her, and clung closer to the side of her companion, who involuntarily pressed her arm to his heart as to re-assure her. This pair were the last to quit the room, for he appeared unwilling to expose her in the rude contact of the crowd; and, prepossessed in their favor, I was glad when I saw him enter the carriage in which I was seated, and take their places opposite to me. But, scarcely had they done so, when the woman exclaimed—

"Oh, dear! I have left my reticule in the waiting room, and my purse and keys are in it!"

"I will get it in a moment, dearest," replied he and rapidly left the carriage, and rushed towards the place she had named. He had not, however, reached it, when the signal was made, and off started the train like lightning, groaning and shrieking, as if in torture, and it flew along, leaving every instant a vast space between the route it madly passed over. Houses, chimney tops, trees and fields, seemed to fly past us with an incredible velocity, that made the head giddy; so that a minute elapsed before I thought of my pretty travelling companion. When I did, I was really shocked at the metamorphosis that had taken place in her countenance. Pale as marble, and her eyelids destitute of alarm, she looked the very personification of Terror. I suppose the sympathy that my looks expressed touched her, for she burst into tears, and her bosom heaved with sobs.

"Do not be alarmed," said I, with all the kindness I could throw into my voice and manner; "your friend will certainly follow you in the next train."

An elderly woman, with countenance exceedingly repulsive pinched in her thin lips, and shook her head in a manner that denoted her absence. The absent gentleman was not likely to follow.

It was very strange that our friend should

jump out of the carriage at the very time he so unwilling to proceed without her husband to the house of his parents, that I, not being particularly pressed for time, determined to remain and keep her company until the arrival of her husband. The three hours passed away agreeably, to me, at least, as I found my companion well-informed, sensible, and unaffected; and in a few minutes after, I had the pleasure of restoring her to her husband, who, judging from the paleness of his face, the agitation of his manner, and his delight at again beholding her, must have suffered nearly as much as his bride at his unlooked for separation.

NEW THEATER IN BOSTON. We learn that a new theater is certainly going up in the city this season, to be ready for the winter campaign. Amount of stock has already been subscribed for.—Boston Times.

TREASURER'S NOTICE.—ANDOVER.

NOTICE is hereby given to the resident and non-resident proprietors and owners of land and other real estate in the town of Andover, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the town of Andover, and a certified list of such as remain unpaid for the years 1842 and 1843 has been returned to the collector of said town for the purpose of advertising, viz:—

Resident Owners 1843.

Name,	Real Estate,	Tax due,
Edward A. Boyd,	1	\$6.99
Elijah Budell,	2	2.89
Adriel Budell,	3	3.03
Moses Cutting,*	1	1.75
Simon W. Gregg,	2	29.70
Ephraim F. Goddard,	1	7.19
Benjamin Hall,	1	9.00
Mark Porter,	1	7.43

Non-Resident Owners, 1842.

No. of Lots,	No. Acres,	No. Share,	No. Lots,	No. Acres,	No. Share,
Eben Webster, E. side 31	5	2	50	25	30
Joshua Dunn, {	1	D	100	50	120
Do. W. side 3	3		100	50	60
Unknown, {	1	4	100	50	30
Ayers Almon, E. side, 13	2	2	50	25	30
Sils D. Gregg's House and Stables at Corner,	1		330	3.96	

Non-Resident Owners, 1843.

No. of Lots,	No. Acres,	No. Share,	No. Lots,	No. Acres,	No. Share,
Moody Bridges,	1	100	7	100	7
Phineas Wood,	2	2	100	50	6.36
Do. Jordan Farm,	1	D	100	50	120
Joshua Dunn, {	1	D	100	50	140
Do. W. side 3	3		100	50	140
Sils D. Gregg's House and State at Corner,	1		330	4.62	
John G. Ward's Mills, so called, do. House and Barn occupied by Mose Cutting,	1		150	2.50	
do. West side 13	2		100	50	50
do. East side 110	2		50	15	21
Ayers Almon,	3	2	50	25	33

PARNUM ABBOTT, Treasurer of Andover, July 27, 1844.

Will the Age please copy the non-residents, and forward Bill and one paper to Andover.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS DAVID P. STOWELL, of Paris, is the County of Oxford, by his Deed of Mortgage dated the ninth day of February, A. D. 1843, conveyed to the subscriber a certain tract or parcel of land situated in said Paris, to wit:—"It being the homestead farm of Elias Stowell, Esq., late of Paris, aforesaid, deceased, together with the buildings thereon," which Deed of Mortgage is recorded with Oxford Records Book 65 page 542; and whereas the conditions of said Mortgage have been broken, I give this public notice to foreclose the same, agreeably to the provisions of the Statute in such case made and provided.

PARFUS STOWELL, RUFUS STOWELL, PARFUS ABBOTT, Treasurer of Andover, July 29, 1844.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

The undersigned having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of

PETER HOLDEN, late of Sweden, in said county of Oxford, deceased, whose estate has been represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the twenty-fifth day of June last past, have been allowed said creditors to present and prove their claims: and that they will attend that purpose at the dwelling house of Benjamin B Holden, in said Sweden, on the first Saturday of September next, the last Saturday in October next, and the first Saturday in December next, from ten of the clock in the forenoon until five o'clock in the afternoon on each of said days.

DAVID HAMMONS, BENJAMIN WEBBER, Commissioners, Lovell, July 22, 1844.

3w12

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF MAINE, OXFORD, ss:

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public Auction on Tuesday the 27th day of August, A. D. 1844, at the State of Berlin in Newry, in Sweden, at two o'clock P. M. for as follows, all the rights in equity of redemption which Nations Hospital has, and to the redemption of a certain lot of land situated in Sweden, being part of Lot No. 55, in the second division of Lots in Sweden, beginning at the Northeast corner of said Lot, thence running South 22° east 65 rods to a stake and stones—thence North 67° degrees East 55 rods to a stake and stones—thence North 22° degrees East to a stake and stones at the North line of said Lot—the line on said North line to the first mentioned bound, containing twenty acres more or less;—so that the same was that was mortgaged to John Patterson for sixteen dollars, and is now due with interest.

JOHN F. POTTER, Dept. Sheriff, Sweden, July 27, 1844.

3w12

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of a License from the Judge of Probate

for the county of Oxford, I shall sell at public Auction on Saturday the twenty-fourth day of August next, at 10 o'clock A. M. at the Court House in Paris in said County, the River Farm so called in said Town belonging to the Estate of Ebenezer Rawson late of said Paris deceased, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased and incidental charges. Terms of sale made known at the time of sale—here is a rare opportunity to invest money in real Estate most eligibly situated

E. G. RAWSON, Administrator

July 13, 1844.

1844

DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.

SELLING, Separating, Cleaning and Setting Artificial Mineral Pivot Teeth, done by

T. H. BROWN, Paris Hill, Price.—Filling with Gold, from \$6 cts to \$1.00.

To Tin Foil, 25 50

Cleaning set of Teeth, 50 1.00

Setting Pivot Teeth, \$1.00 1.50 & 2.00

Wool warranted.—March 25. 11.47

1844

ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE.

WILL be sold at Auction to the highest bidder on

Monday, the 26th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the real estate belonging to HARVEY WAIT, late of Mexico, in the County of Oxford, deceased, being the homestead Farm of said deceased, excepting the Widow's third. Also the right of reversion of the Widow's dower in the premises.

LUCY W. WAIT, Administratrix.

Mexico, July 17th, 1844.

11

WRIGHT'S

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

The true character of Counterfeits and sellers of counterfeit Medicines.

NO medicine has ever been introduced to the American public, whose virtues have been more chear-

fully and universally acknowledged by its various and extensive circulation than Wright's Indian Vegetable Pill.

To decent upon their various virtues at this late season would be a work of supererogation, since few who peruse this article will be unacquainted with the widely circulated proofs of the real excellence of the medicine, to which many will be ready to add the testimonials of their own experience. But if further proof were needed of the value of the remedy, it might be found in the fact that almost in the market has been so shamelessly and repeatedly counterfeited. Ignorant, envious, avaricious, and unprincipled men, have in different places, issued a spurious pill, bearing a superficial resemblance to the true article, but composed either impotent or deleterious ingredients, which they have sought to foist upon the public as the veritable.

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

These fraudulent swindlers could never pass off their very wares upon the public but for the connivance and assistance of (so-called) respectable druggists, who, for the sake of a little gain, have been instrumental in bringing into the market this system of imposition. The counterfeiter of a popular medicine will generally be detected by the latter's sink into nothing in comparison with those inflicted upon society by the former. We might paint him wringing the mite from the hand of invalid patients which is extended for the boon of health, and receives in return the curse of protracted suffering and disease, or we might let him go to the grave by having a counterfeit substituted for the true medicine, who, but for the renal fraud, might now be living in high health, the delight and hope of the social circle. All classes are interested in putting down these counterfeits.

Resident Owners 1843.

Real Estate, Tax due,

Edward A. Boyd, 1 \$6.99

Elijah Budell, 2 2.89

Adriel Budell, 3 3.03

Moses Cutting, * 1.75

Simon W. Gregg, 29.70

Ephraim F. Goddard, 7.19

Benjamin Hall, 9.00

Mark Porter, 7.43

Non-Resident Owners, 1842.

No. Range, No. Acres, Value,

Eben Webster, E. side 31 5 25 30

Joshua Dunn, { 1 D 100 50 120

Do. W. side 3 3 100